



After the Glamorous Marxa Had Been Bound in the Cabinet, the Lights Were Dimmed and a Thing Emerged From the Curtains That Appeared To Be Decidedly Not of This World.

SEERS



No. 4—Martian Cults Exploited

REMEMBER how radio listeners were thrown into a panic a few years ago by a dramatic broadcast of an imaginary "Invasion from Mars?"

Well, fraudulent spiritualist mediums have remembered that broadcast, too.

These fakers trade upon public credulity. It is easy to gull people, who have already been softened up by superstitious beliefs. Recognizing that fact is the chief trick in a charlatan's bag.

So it wasn't long before materializing mediums were exploiting Martian cults, on a strictly "scientific" basis, of course.

And that was how I came to meet Marxa, the Martian Medium, who claimed that she could bring queer creatures from the red planet and send them back again.

Reliable informants told me that living oddities had appeared in her seance room, only to disappear without a trace. So, when her manager invited me to attend one of the materializations, I accepted with alacrity.

Marxa's was the usual type of spook parlor, but the medium herself was young and attrac-

tive, a streamlined contrast to the bulky, middle-aged ladies who generally deal in materializations.

The room had a cabinet in one corner, with curtains across the front. There was also a thin inner curtain with elastic cords, to cover any gap in the center—a promise of coming fraud. The spectators sat in a semi-circle outside. The cabinet contained a single chair in which the medium was to be bound.

To prove that she used no paraphernalia, Marxa calmly disrobed. After hanging her garments on a chair outside the cabinet, Marxa insisted she now had on too little for elaborate concealment, and no one ventured to disagree.

Wearing shoes and stockings with her scanties, she was bound in the chair inside the cabinet with ropes supplied by her manager. I was given the longest rope of all, but the customers insisted she was sufficiently bound, so we retired to the outside chairs and the manager drew the curtains.

Suddenly a chill swept the seance room and the manager declared that a Martian spirit, accustomed to polar temperature, had provided it in order to survive its brief visit.

The outer curtains stirred, and from the cabinet came the most outlandish creature I have ever viewed anywhere. At mere sight, it couldn't have been Marxa, for the dainty medium was twice as tall as this hideous monstrosity.

The thing from Mars was round and squat, with a head that seemed a bulbous protuberance of its body. It hopped around on feet that had practically no legs, and even in the red light, its horrible features were all too plain.

The face was an ugly saffron color; the eyes and lips were thin and wide; and the nose was like a bashed-in melon.

Women screamed and men shoved backward as the living horror hopped about the circle. I was at one end, and when the thing glared at me,